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This House Holds Seven

Colby Dockery

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Knowledge, Renewed | Matt Higdon

Forlornly we miss Lady Wisdom's words
As she calls aloud to all in the street,
While we, in our deconstructionist chords,
Play our music to a vagabond's beat.

Modern methodologies map the realm of "real"
In compartmentalized, enlightened strokes,
But Love joins the Physical and Ethereal
And, through its union, new knowing evokes.

This House Holds Seven | Colby Dockery

I am the watchful eyes of every muscle and every curve. I am the breath between kisses and the shivers of being touched. I am the downward rush of blood and the pleasuring ache. I am the tight fitting dress and disheveled hair. I am the loosened necktie and the worn-out bed. I am Lust and my door is red.

I am the useless possessions and the overprotection. I am the thirst for power and the all or nothing. I am the desperation and dissatisfaction. I am the endless wants and the silver tongue. I am the knife in the back and the tightest hold. I am Greed and my door is gold.

I am the scorching eyes and the raised voices. I am the bared teeth and the ravenous snarl. I am the coldest heart and the sharpest tongue. I am the bleeding gash and the bullet wound. I am the severed ties and the bones that cracked. I am Wrath and my door is black.

I am the endless supply and the gaping mouth. I am the broken budget and the not enough. I am the sugar coated and the never filled. I am the anything goes, the sweet and tart. I am the all-consuming and the torn apart. I am Gluttony and my door is orange.

I am the standing ovations and the achievement awards. I am the unrevised and the overestimated. I am the condescending eyes and the refusal for help. I am the always and the never. I am the victory laugh and the drunken pilot. I am Pride and my door is violet.

I am the soft pillows and the silk sheets. I am the substitutions, I am the minimum. I am the not today and the maybe never. I am the road most traveled and the cleanest of hands. I am the fair-weather friend and the swift adieu. I am Sloth and my door is blue.

I am the beautiful smile and the effortless body. I am the well fed family and the inseparable lovers. I am the mental stability and the fearless soul. I am the towering mansion and the sleekest car. I am you, I am them, and all that's inbetween. I am Envy and my door is green.

This house holds seven – me and you.
Which of these doors have you left askew?



Township Life in Mosselbaai | Tiffany Lament

Digital Photography